Rom. And badſt me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote that could not ſpell:
But come young Waverer, come and goe with me,
In one reſpect 'Ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Dev'll ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that *Roſaline* Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the Kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a letter to his fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will anſwere the Letters Maſter, how hee dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, ſtab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Love-ſong, the very pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde Bow-boies but-ſhaft: and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Rom. Why? what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More than Prince of Cats: O hee's the courageous Captaine of Complements: hee fights as you ſing Pricke-ſong, keepes time, diſtance, and proportion; he reſts his *minum* reſts, one, two, and the third in your boſome: the very Butcher of a

ſilke